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KINGSHIP.

Nothing is more disgusting to the soul than matter in its forms of inertness and death. The greatest antagonism ever created was that of matter and force, which two, though opposite in essence, have a vital co-relation. In the world of physics, matter indicates and gauges force; becomes its revealer and developes it processes. Force is spiritual, and gives its significancy to the natural cosmos. It writes its own history, and unfolds its soul upon the inanimate molecules. Hannibal wrote the story of his passage upon the Alpine crags; the Jews had their written mountains; but every mountain, marsh, and meadow is but a letter, cast and written in the great Jove world, with a pen as viewless as the wind, tipt with fire and lava. The world is the book of force, as the agent of God. What to me were Tempe or Cashmere, Leman or Ontario, did I not read therein a tale of beauty and power, immaterial and supernatural. The seer of the world's economy reads in the position of a mountain, the direction of a river, or the breadth of a plain, the future character of the nations. One or more throes in the formation of the earthcrust has overturned as many thrones

in the subsequent history of man—the Giant's Causeway, the Cave of Fingal, represent the absolute potency of force, overleaping law and falling into a gigantic whim.

Let us ascend to a higher plane. As nature derives its beauty, not from its substance, which is inanimate, but as indicative of higher power and art, so man owes his grandeur to his being a self-acting, self-conscious force, a will and wielder, an arm and artist, bearing down upon nature and mind, the whole realm of cause and effect, through a thousand avenues of power, which make him sovereign. But there is a still higher level. We do not design regarding man as merely capable of volition, for there is no kingship here; but we ascend to that principle of ever-burning, all-pervading self-intelligence, running out of a man and mesmerising others.

A king is a magnet, draws power through the veins of all men, and his cynosure becomes immediately the common one. He feasts like a vampire, on the irresolution of other men, and gathers hardihood by a system of counteraction. A king *draws* the souls of men whither he feels they should go. Coriolanus was a king. Carlyle is a king. What is it thus to draw? Threefold—to have knowledge, beauty and strength. The character wherein the image of beauty peeps winningly over the shoulder of strength, humanity will not resist. Strength is the basis of action, and beauty its complement. A king without beauty is a poem without æsthetic power. Constantly do the ideas cross. Beauty is powerful, and strength beautiful, yet beauty and strength are two. Intellect is the chord which binds them breast to breast, and makes them twins. A soul and arm, and the cloak of beauty—what more—make a king. Aye, but wherein lacks any man these grains of being? All men see and hear, yet there are those, who

See a hand you cannot see,
And hear a voice you cannot hear.

But let us not evade the aim of our words. A man is a king. Here

A Lord

Opposed against a man is but a man.

But in humanity where is the man? Has there rolled across your empyrean twice in your life the rounded sphere of a sublime manhood? Have you ever met in your life-path one whose approach was so grand, so perfect, so awful, as to strike from under you your legs of pride, and force forth an homage? The ever-glowing, shadowless man was he, flashing light to the four corners. He had no compassion on your weakness and weariness. You might not lie down for a moment and re-gather your repulsed squadrons of thought. And when he had passed, and his form darkened against the horizon, until the rolling earth eclipsed it, did you not feel that the sun had fled, that shadows were growing and night at hand? Thrice happy who meets a man. Silent and few they walk the world; yet in hours of night, upstarting meteors tell each other of their lives. Half-men, quarter-men, the maimed, the halt, the blind, collude on every hand, but the whole men, the single heroes, these form our mythology. To whom is not Shakspeare more than Minerva, Mozart than Enterpe?

Yes, a king is a threefold man, with beauty, intellect, and power. What was a king in the sterling, primeval days, of the plain and mountain-side, of the tent and flocks, when men lived broader lives, worked straight toward ends, and had not yet stept amid the gauzes of conformity and mode; when the earth was young, though her sons might place either hand, in a lifetime, on the incoming and outgoing of a millenium; when sin, fresh from hell, was herself half swerved by the beauties revealed and worked by easier methods, because man was simple, and Christ had not come; when fame was yet unborn, because the centuries were few; when the conscience of man

and the silence of the world were the most terrible monitors of life; when it was more easy for the hero to shine, as he had less darkness to dispel—what made a king then?

The flocks were marauded by the wolves, or the tribes of the vicinage were becoming bold and dangerous in their raids. Uprises one and says: "What? Shall I pretend to speak kingly words? Shall I attempt to reproduce the cataract of power, that overfell from that rustic rostrum; I, who would first have been swept away and submerged thereby?" But it is not hard to imagine the thunders of his voice and the wizard lightning of his eye, to quail beneath his uplifted arm, or grow god-like in the dilation of his soul, to follow the simple completeness of this planning mind, or to be dashed from our feet by the rolling oncoming of his surging will, sweeping to the final consummation. And the "up, on, brothers, power and speed be hands and feet," would hardly float into silence amid the wood arcades, when afar arises the tumult of onset and the wailing of wounds. Here is the intellect that devises, the beauty that entices, and the will that empowers—a threefold rope that might draw the globe.

What is this intellect? It conceives a clear and simple wisdom, pours out plans shaped to an emergency, grasps and strangles contingencies, and builds innumerable watch-towers to command the possible. It is a sublime sense of truth, breathed upon by the quickening fervor of genius. Disregarding all things save truth, it discovers truth in all things. Do you know what it is to have a towering, overmastering sense of the all-comprehensiveness of truth, permeating every thread of the woof and warp of the soul? What a beautiful glory life wears when such a feeling thrills us! How clear grow the vistas! Veils are rent, secrets revealed, clouds and forests impede not the vision, confusion disappears like mist

before the glance of morning, and chaos stands carven into an enchanting symmetry. Idle philosophies, the babblings of the schools, distortions of all sorts and sizes, the king passes by. Heartstrings he plays on—rough reality is the music he loves—he scans with a vigilant eye all avenues of approach to his being; sentinels tread him round; to come nigh, is to pass the test of a thousand shibboleths; the ‘lords of life’ he observes with a motionless face; he communes with God in the language of truth, and knows that nature, providence and God form a friendly harmony. God holds him constantly in his right hand, crowning him with blessings, and circling his infirmities. His honesty would not deceive an idiot, and his sincerity compasses the most insignificant acts of life; like a Cornish jewel, needing no burnishing, he shines, self-lustrous. Take this truth as an all-pervading, infinite law, plunge it in the steady fires of genius, place it upon the anvil of life, wield the hammer of strength, and ply the finger of beauty, and you can already see the divine features of a sovereign, standing forth in right-royal majesty.

“Life is not idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use.”

Is there nothing kingly in such an intellect? Then elevate your ideas of a man. A king is the great-gifted man, self-evidently discerned, as a shining thing.

But what of beauty? There is no stable sovereignty over the soul without an element that shall speak directly to one of its great capabilities—as if the Graces with joined hands encompassed his life—nothing unlovely can issue from him. Why strive to analyse the Beautiful or to lay bare its constituents? Only the faster will it flee, like a naiad before the unhallowed hand of a ruthless

pursuer. Pause in your pursuit and take a sudden, hasty glance at whatever of nameless grace the disordered tunic may reveal; it is the best you can do. Beauty enters the soul as the evening breeze the open window, and is comprehended as we see the lightning. Nothing is perfect to man except it be beautiful. It gives to sullen strength an air of complaisance, and wins upon us by its suppliant nature. There is a feeling of security in trusting a beautiful being, which is well founded so far as that beauty is unalloyed. In harmony with the highest powers there is no discord in the king's life—it is one "builded lofty rhyme" on God and man—one vast anthem of glory, chanted by star or sun, on mountain or meadow; chanted from the marble throne or the humble hearth; chanted amid European grandeur or amid the "desert hills" of Ethiopia, swelling on the quivering ether to the distant suns, aiding the grand sphere-chorus, till it bathes the throne of God in limpid music. Dear brothers, let our lives be full of music. Seraph or war-helmed angel, passing near this world on divine commission, would pause upon his wings to drink in with delight the murmuring chimes from two accordant souls—space is wide, the world is deaf, but the ear of God is near.

But the king is strong. He feels

"The thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart."

The irresistible will is the essence of a kingly soul. We introduce no psychology—all know this; there are a few hints we may more plainly present. Resolution must be holy, if the will would be unfaltering. Will asserts its dignity by its presence; it contains its logic in its decrees; it disregards circumstances, and magnifies the soul. The king will come to you, clad from the shaggy wolverine, scepterless, save his right arm; throneless, save his presence. But what mandates gleam from his mien; you dare not refuse their execution. We paint no tiger ferocity, for

his commands are just and good, but the sparkling motivity that flashes, like an everlasting lightning, from his brow, scorching opposition. A few may combine and create an antagonism, but he will keep it so distant as to ensure its decay. Little wills sound a grand defiance, when remote. He lives joyously, reposes with innocent dreams, watches events calmly, and prayeth vigorously. Nearer through the vales wind the horns of defiance—but lo! when the barriers are passed, and he comes into view, robed in that living, but not inanimate calmness, while the dartings of his innermost divinity strike them through and through; weapons are cast aside, frowns lighten into joy, a sacred awe magnetizes the air, and prevents their too rapid approach, till they fall and clasp his knees, crying, “our dear human king and father.” So day by day the light of God shines to him through the little world around, as the light of the planet of love strikes the eyes of the evening watcher through the fluttering gyres of fireflies.

Alas! for our poor young souls! We pretend to a scorn of hero-worship, yet build us budding gods. We exult in the coming manhood, and dream it shall be celestial. We weaken our healthy fancies by allowing them to climb too high. The vine grows downward from the highest oaktop. Still let us be

“Breathers of an ampler day,
Forever nobler ends.”

Let us leap into an upward, larger life, never letting go the hand of God. Let us arise, gird on our strength, and hasten to the trophies in store for us. Brothers, the hour has come, and the man—it has come and gone, and is now and ever will be, till the earth fires. Did not the morning stars sing as sweetly this morning as when He came?

IS MAN A CREATOR?

Although this subject was ably discussed in a former issue of this periodical, we do not consider the field entirely covered. Perhaps there is no subject mooted in College about which there is less definite apprehension. This perplexity, we believe, is due partly to the misconception and partly to the unavoidable ambiguity of the language necessary to any discussion of the question. For instance, we have often heard it stated that the province of Science is to discover, and the province of Art, to *create*. This conclusion, we believe, is based in a great measure on the term employed to designate the highest art—Poetry. It is urged that the word unquestionably means primarily “to make;” that it cannot refer to mere construction of material, that this would make the Poet little better than a brick-layer in literature; and, hence, the only alternative left is to consider it as implying absolute creation. Next it is reasoned that language is as truly the faithful guardian as the complete embodiment of thought, and hence, that this word would not have found a permanent residence in Greek and English vocabularies, if it were not based on an unassailable principle. It is inferred from this, that, if it be true of one art, it must apply to all, as all are founded on common principles, and therefore “it is the province of Art, to create.” There are other reasons assigned, all of which, however, are referable to the apparent uncertainty about the true position of art. These we shall have occasion to notice as we proceed. We purpose, in the first place, to account for the appearance and perpetuity of the term Poetry. It, as you know, referred to the Greek *ποιέω*—which means “to make,” and, in Classic Greek, was always applied to such objects as houses, buildings, gates, walls, and indeed to anything external. It was *never*, we believe, used ab-

solutely, that is, *intransitively*. The Greeks therefore, we conclude had no conception of creation—that is according to the meaning we attach to the word, namely, to make out of nothing.*

Aristotle (than whom we can have no higher authority,) says that Poets were called *Ποῆται* because the writers of each different class of Poems were said, in common language, to “make” them; hence he speaks of Epic-makers, Elegy-makers. (De Poet. Sec. III.)

It was reserved for Christianity to teach what Greek culture could never, that there is One alone whose function it is, “to make out of nothing.” In Hellenistic Greek we *do* find the meaning “to create,” attached to *Ποίω*. It is predicated there, however, absolutely, only of God; it still retained its original signification when predicated of any other subject. The best illustration of the two uses of the word is to be found in the 17th chapter of St. Matthew, at the 4th verse, where Peter proposes *to make* three tabernacles, one to Christ, one to Moses and one to Elias; and in the second chapter of Hebrews, where St. Paul speaks of God “making” the worlds through Christ, the “heir of all things.” It is clear, then, that the Greeks could not have considered the Poet in the light of a creator, but, according to Aristotle, merely as a “constructor.” Just as the builder deals with wood and stone to erect houses and temples, so the Poet deals with language to construct epics, elegiacs, &c. But how, it will be urged, do you account for the permanence of the word when modern enlightenment assigns a far higher function to the Poet than mere construction? We answer, simply because it expresses most satisfactorily what this same modern enlightenment conceives to be an essential attribute of the Poet, namely, the translation of ordinary truth to a far higher sphere or aspect. Just as a man may

*The Latin word “creo” also means primarily “to produce,” “to bring forth,” “to beget,” &c.

take a kaleidiscopes (to use the figure of another,) full of conglomerated colors, and by turning it, convert the shapeless mass into forms of beauty and symmetry, (he does not create these forms; it is true he originates them, but the undefined particles of glass are still the *basas*, the indispensable conditions to the new combinations,) so the Poet out of truths common and fleshly, evokes new forms of beauty, determines new and beautiful analogies, and yet their claim to beauty rests in the truths themselves and not in the Poet's mind.

The Miltonic Satan, as a work of art, is grand and original in its majesty of wickedness, and yet, could that character have ever been constructed if the existence of the arch-enemy had never been revealed? Milton peoples hell with beings the counterparts of whom we have never read or heard; and yet there must be points of resemblance to the class of demons, or else what is the ground of their acceptance? We have so far confined our investigation to one department of Art. We have endeavored to remove the apparent obscurity about the term Poetry, by accounting for its appearance and perpetuity, and have seen that this obscurity is due mainly to overlooking the etymological signification of the word. We might stop our inquiry here, and by reasoning ever so syllogistic, prove that if it be true of Poetry that its essential attribute cannot be creation, it must be true of all Art, for all Art is based upon a common principle. But in so doing we would fail of our object in this paper, which is to prove by familiar illustrations that in no department of thought or action is man a creator. It is true, indeed, in Poetry and in all Art, that the inventive genius is most displayed, but that is not creation. Take the art of Painting, examine any master-piece, the Madonna de San Sisto for example. Now you may argue that in that saintly face of the mother there is an expression unlike any we have seen or heard of. And yet is not that expression

dependent on canvass, color, and outline? It would, therefore, be manifestly absurd to define it as made out of nothing. We will take another ground, however, and conceive (if possible,) of the expression as abstracted from the canvass, existing only in the Painter's brain, and described by him in words. That expression, although its exact counterpart cannot be found, may be justly conceived of as the embodiment of all the lovely, beautiful, and holy traits history and tradition have accorded to the Mother of our Lord, and the combination of all that the Painter has seen of the pure and lovely in human nature. If it be a mere individual creation, what claim has the picture to our acceptance? The outgoings of our soul to it are manifestly based on sympathy. The Painter has evoked an image according with our æsthetic faculties—that is, the faculties in us by which we conceive of and appreciate the image are identical with the faculties by which the Painter called that image into existence; and hence it may be safely reasoned that the possession of these faculties on our part, in common with the Painter, pre-supposes the possibility of our accomplishing what he has. Consequently he has merely called into being something which had the possibility of existence before; or, more correctly, he has given definite form to what had really a crude existence in every intelligent mind.

Take the art of Sculpture, and the principles we have stated with reference to Painting are equally applicable to it; that in the true consideration of a picture or statue, imitation of nature is not to be looked upon as the prominent feature, but rather the genius, or in common language, the expression of the work; that that expression is dependent on the material, or if it can be conceived of as abstracted, that it has the possibility of existence in the mind of the beholder.

Let us now look at the art of Music. The true artist, every day of his progress, comes by new harmonies, and

yet these strains, beautiful and novel as they may be, are dependent on the euphonies of an instrument, or the human voice. Here we can by no possibility abstract the conception, for Music has no possibility of existence apart from an instrument, or the human voice. Architecture, too, may be reduced to the conditions we have mentioned. You may urge of the Parthenon, the Pantheon, or the Cathedrals of Milan, Strasbourg and Cologne, as of any work of Painting or Sculpture, that the genius of each building is the thing to be considered, and that each has a distinct and altogether new expression, and yet if you apply here the principles we have been contending for with reference to Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music, you will find that they hold equally good.

It would seem almost absurd to extend our inquiry to the range of the useful arts. These all, in their conception, rest on some principle, and in their execution are dependent on some material in the physical world. We now come to look at man in a different relation, that is, in the ordinary expression of thought in language. Here we can, from the nature of the topic and the amount of space we have already occupied, cull only a single illustration. It may be said that surely in this vast domain of thought there can be found real creation. Is not the close analogy which Bunyan has given us between a "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Christian's spiritual course a creation of the old Puritan's brain? We answer, in the first place, if there had been no such thing as a Pilgrim, that analogy would never have existed; secondly, that Bunyan merely detected an analogy which had existed as long as there was a Pilgrim, and Progress, or course. We shall now proceed to state a principle, not particularly with reference to the last topic, but one which fully comprehends all that has preceded. It is this: That no idea can be conceived of as inseparable from the mind; that God created the mind, and hence God created the idea also.

Ideas are the necessary and coterminous evolutions of the mind. In view of this you might say that the steam engine created its necessary function power, with as much propriety as if you were to assert that the mind created ideas. This principle seems too simple to be misinterpreted, and, as said before, covers fully all the ground we have gone over. Here then we must be content to leave the subject. From the nature of the treatment we could not present our argument in logical order and sequence. And now, in review, we think that all the obscurity which seems connected with the subject is due, as we mentioned at first, to the entire overlooking of the true meaning of the word "create." And yet this tendency seems excusable, because the function of Art comes so near creation that it is hard to find a word which expresses it accurately. Coleridge, perhaps, would have called it the mesothesis between reproduction and creation.

THOUGHT.

How wonderful is Thought! How like a god
It sits in power, upon its airy throne,
Compelling Space to vanish at a nod,
And spurning Time as if a thing unknown:
With what an ear it catches every tone
Of Nature's thousand voices, from the roar
Of rolling thunders, and the muffled moan
And dash of waves against a troubled shore,
To the sad plaint that Grief is ever wont to pour.

With what an eye it scans the hollow skies—
The dome of God's great temple, deep and dim;
Filling the soul with fears and phantasies,
With longing aspirations, and a hymn
Of holiest music wafted up to Him.
Nor night nor cloud can quench its flaming sight,
Where spangled stars in seas of space do swim—
Where rolling suns rush on in orbéd flight—
There winged Thought doth speed in lightning robes of light.

It crowns us with a triple wreath; we live
Amid the grandeur of the buried years—
In the exultant Present, all alive
With bounding gladness—and afar appears
The unknown Future, with its joys and fears—
Its cloud-built palaces of deathless fame
Forever fading as the prospect clears—
Its hidden terrors, flashing up like flame,
That come and go at will, without a shape or name.

Thought lays its magic wand upon the Past,
And lo! the slumbering ages yield their dead,
The crumbling temple rises rich and vast,
And broken altars rarest incense shed.
Through echoing streets is heard the measured tread
Of steel-clad warriors rushing out to war,
With murderous joy each longing soul is fed;
And hark! the clash of spear and scimitar!
The rush, the rout, the roar, and lo! the crimson car!

And some have triumphed, but o'er that red field,
Death rides the proudest victor; at his feet
A thousand pale-faced subjects bow, and yield
Their mute obeisance. Foeman and friend, they meet,
Swathed in one common blood-stained winding sheet.
And soon is heard the fierce hyena's yell—
The lank wolves howling as they tear and eat—
And vulture screams—while night's great sentinel,
The Moon, glares fitful down, as o'er the plains of hell.

War's clarion blast is hushed, and people shout,
Like the poor fools they are, when it is told
That he who led them in the bloody rout,
O'er prostrate nations, to a throne has roll'd.
Too soon they learn that freedom's knell has toll'd;
Too soon they writhe beneath Crime's iron hand,
The veriest slaves that e'er were bought and sold,
Till some Rienzi with his hero band
Turns on the tyrant's track and sweeps him from the land.

Upon the sculptor's brow, marmoreal bays
Lie intertwined with locks of raven hair,
Old Homer sings again his martial lays,
And Tully's voice floats on the listening air.
From grove and fount the music of despair
Wells slowly up and dies into the ear;
Around the marble gods—a voice of prayer;
Within the halls of death—a sable bier;
Adown the mourner's cheek fast falls the bitter tear.

Thought lives around us beautiful and bold!
 It robes the valley in its velvet sheen—
 It gilds the sunset with the glow of gold;
 And dyes the mountain with a leafy green.
 Through all the day, it treads the earth serene,
 In ivied cot—neath castellated dome—
 Along the margin of the winding stream—
 Where'er it wills, in beauty it doth roam,
 To sport with Nature's charms, and make each haunt its own.

Now scaling Alpine cliffs, where blasted pines
 Clasp their bare roots around the granite crags,
 And lift their spectral arms in snaky twines,
 And away, and creak, like heaven-defying hags—
 And now, on high and far-extending jags,
 It scans the glacier big with coming wracks—
 Or, when the tempest in its fury lags,
 Rides on the ruin of its wild attacks,
 Clad in the rainbow-hues of roaring cataracts.

Down the dim Future, to the farthest verge
 Of Time's long labyrinth, it sweeps, to see
 This hoary world dissolving in a surge
 Of billowy fires—when earth and caverned sea
 Shall yield their dead, and death no longer be
 A terror and a mystery—when prone
 Before God's great and awful Majesty,
 Each ransom'd soul, around His golden throne,
 In ceaseless songs of praise, His glories shall make known.

H.

ART.

In examining a beautiful painting, an uncultivated mind would derive its pleasure from the mere blending of the tints, the position of the figures, and the conformity of the whole to the standard of nature. A man of cultivated intellect, and acute sensibility, would have the emotion of beauty awakened by the additional consideration of the spiritual element which gives its symbolical character to

the production. To the student there is still another and a deeper principle, a wider and more distant truth, that would flow into his mind from the contemplation. He would view it under entirely different circumstances, and in totally different relations. He would classify it with those of its order, and compare their characteristics with those of different styles of painting. The study would then lead one step farther, from the product to the mind as the source, and from the special character of the order of the one he would learn the special character of the latter. This kind of study is indeed going on all the time in the world, and it is thus, that, through the instrumentality of Art, are determined the various characteristics not only of individuals, but also of cotemporary races, and of separate generations.

Art is only the outward manifestation of an inward spirit. It furnishes the forms in which human thoughts and human emotions clothe themselves in order to speak back, clearly and sympathetically, to the human spirit. The marble of Penticus does not address the highest emotion of beauty, until the divine skill of a Phidias has breathed life into its motionless forms; and the colors of nature, though bright and beautiful, do not speak with their sublimest eloquence, until the hand of an Angelo has blended them on the canvass. The mechanical portion is comparatively of small account, and is entirely subservient to the spiritual element. The most exquisite limner, if he lacks the "faculty divine," the inspired glow of soul, and the power of constructive imagination, can be but an inferior artist; and it is not until the two are united in the greatest excellence, that we can arrive at the highest perfection of Art. Since, then, Art is an outflowing of our inward nature, it partakes and expresses, necessarily, all the peculiar modifications of the source from which it emanates. Whatever affects the one, must, by the very law of nature, in the same degree be displayed in the other.

The circumstances which modify the mind are exceedingly numerous, and many of them of various kinds are coincident. Those, which form the largest generalizations, are difference of age and difference of race. As time moves onward in its course, mankind is continually fluctuating. Times of increasing civilization are closely followed by times of signal relapse, to be once more succeeded by eras of progression. And the works of all of these periods differ in exact accordance with the mental conditions of the times in which they were produced. Spring-time calls into existence many a tender plant and lovely flower, to which the warmth of summer is not congenial; and summer, too, arrays herself in beautiful garlands, which spring in her mildness can never know. Each season has its own peculiar productions, arising from its peculiarity of climate, and so too each age of the world has had its own works of Art, arising from the peculiarity of its intellectual state. The artist cannot emancipate himself from the age. The general idea, and the thoughts of the generation in which he lives, bind him around as with the links of a chain of necessity, of whose restraining influence he is entirely unconscious, and from which he cannot escape. The mighty genius of the age guides him with an unseen and a powerful hand. We frequently see a man, who, on account of extraordinary longevity, has survived his own generation, and is living in another of a different character. All his thoughts, all his associations, all his glories, are with the past, and he is of interest in the present only as a living relic of a vanished lustrum. Like a column of one order of architecture in a building, whose general character is of another style, he is entirely out of harmony with all that surrounds him.

The men are for the age, but their works are for all time.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting."

The era moves noiselessly onward and becomes lost to sight, but its productions remain, and they testify of it to all generations. Here then, through the medium of Architecture and the Plastic Arts, are volumes of history, written in enduring letters of stone. The Pyramids of Egypt, dating far back in the misty dawn of history, are standing still, and perhaps will stand for an infinitude of time, telling unmistakably of a mighty scientific development, and of a high degree of general enlightenment, of which mankind would otherwise be almost entirely ignorant, and lessening, by their colossal proportions, the pride even of modern scientific triumph. And the hieroglyphics and idols of the Egyptian show the elevation to which the soul had attained at the time of their production.

The next generalization is that of race. The former may be analysed into the external circumstances, such as education, religion, and political conditions, which contribute to make up the character of the age, but the latter is an inward matter, the existence of which we are compelled to receive implicitly, without being able to reason at all as to its causes. From the æsthetic and philosophical Greek, with whom the intellect soared to its loftiest height, down to the grovelling Hottentot, in whom humanity is just passing into brutishness, there is a vast variety of ethnical character, inherently independent of, yet always modified by, circumstances of greater or less enlightenment. Each race has its own ideal forms that it worships and loves to embody; its own peculiar styles of thinking and feeling; and these all find their expression in its works of Art. Individual talent will of course assert itself in the different degrees of its excellence, but through the influence of a powerful and unconscious necessity, it will produce only special modifications of the same generic type. That same spirit of beauty, which was "the God of all its worship" to the Grecian race, inspired

the minds of Phidias and Praxiteles alike, but the former saw it more in massiveness of outline, as co-existing with the spirit of power, rather in the attributes of a Jove or a Minerva, while before the mind's eye of the latter, in the moments of his inspiration, it moved in softer lines and more voluptuous undulations.

It is not a mere work of the fancy to discover in the works of a race an outward type of its inward characteristics. The numerous mystic works that stand along the banks of the Nile, correspond very well with the character of that nation among whom necromancy may be said to have had its origin, and who, even from ancient times, have been always proverbial for superstition. Gothic architecture too, which grew out of the massive and sombre character of the Teutonic minds, would have been an insoluble problem to the Grecian intellect; and so also the relics of Grecian art, breathing throughout the chaste spirit of beauty and harmony, have served for centuries as models which the Romans, and after them all the nations of modern Europe, have vainly attempted to imitate.

Herein then is the ethnological character of Art. The race dies out; its characteristics become gradually changed in a course of centuries, but its works remain, and they testify of the source whence they emanated, to the inquirer of all succeeding generations. It is a beautiful and poetic thought to fill the mind of the artist, as he limns out from the solid stone his divine conceptions, that in future ages when his work may have been long since separated from the transient fame and memory of its author, it may be encircled by mankind with a wider and more intense interest, not as a relic of individual genius, but as a monument of an entire departed race.

NAP.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Springing into existence at almost the same moment, growing into strength and vigor with almost equal advancement, gathering vitality from the co-existing powers, and ruling in the same kingdom for nearly six thousand years, have existed two elements, antagonistic in every respect—Truth and Error. Looking at the origin of the two, we see that, in the germ which shall ever hold them separate, never allowing a final compromise, but the utter extinction of the one, and the unrivalled glory of the other.

The one nurtured by Omnipotence and virtue, receiving strength from the former, and purity from the latter, gave tokens in its infancy of the part it was to play in its future contest for life or death. The other planted in weakness, yet gathering momentary strength from its culture, imparted its energy only that the first fruits might appear the more vigorous, and in *this* respect its end has been gained, but even *now* the plant is sickly, and the decaying branches and less thrifty fruits show a premature growth and a worm at the root.

In developing their comparative progress, the same distinctive feature remains, power and unity on the one side, weakness and plurality on the other; and as in the law of nature unity denotes a higher species, a nobler organism, and a silent yet effective moulding of external agents to complete its own design, and plurality the contrary, so in the law of morals proclaiming continually that "error is fruitful, truth only one," we find the two inseparably linked, in this: saying, "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Showing itself in a thousand different forms, like the stars in the heavenly firmament, a multitude in number and beautiful in the absence of the unit of light, error charms the eye and beguiles the soul until the unit of

truth arising to claim its sphere, blots out all traces of its existence.

To establish the one has been the work and called forth all the efforts of the man *divine*; to raise the other, as improvident of the future as the creatures of a day, has been the work and called forth all the efforts of the man *devil*, for no man will deny the existence of such a being.

Humanity, suffering and bleeding, calls upon her champions, while she beholds across the valley the armies of the enemy, encamped on the mountain side. Many have come to the conflict, and as many retired unsatisfied, and when driven off the field, been ready to question as of old, what is truth? This is the question which has perplexed the thinking mind, and whose search has called forth the intellectual giants of centuries. Socrates, whom we all reverence and admire as a sacrifice offered upon his country's altar, and whose spirit in darkness winged its flight to the unknown God, drank the fatal poison and wrapped himself in the drapery of his couch for his long sleep, ignorant of the very truth he sought to inculcate in the Grecian mind. Cicero, standing on Mars Hill, where a century later stood the divine orator proclaiming "*I am the way, the truth and the life,*" drew around him his countrymen with all that natural pride one feels in a known superiority, and poured upon their ears the full rich tones of his persuasive eloquence. Yet he fell, longing to know the answer of this question, "what is truth?" And now we fancy a sigh from his burdened spirit, answering "'tis a staff rejected."

Hume, whose vices all point out, and whose virtues need only to be *known* to draw forth a worthy token of praise—a noble example of one who, altho' *shrinking from* the beliefs to which his philosophy led him, yet *dared* to believe what reason seemed to teach, when none could answer his arguments—he closed his eyes upon this world in a fearful and even agonizing (since he sought to answer

the question,) ignorance of this same question, "what is truth?" Were there more like him, not in similarity of belief and theory, but were there more ready as he to follow up the convictions of truth, she need no longer go about the streets mourning, because her professed friends feast with her known enemy.

Men speculate upon the contest, consoling themselves with the belief in the old saying "*veritas vincit omnia*," or seeing truth *biting the dust*, fold their arms, relying on that consolatory expression,

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,"

but know this, whatever may be the destiny of truth, or whatever its internal principles, it never will rise except on the stepping stones of its victories, gained by the power and mental tactics of its advocates, and that these results may be obtained, is not too sanguine a hope for the future. We do not flatter ourselves that the genius of the 19th century is to be the culminating point of man's intellect or that from this elevation we are to *descend*, rather than *ascend*. Let those whose minds are too narrow and selfish to grant to a succeeding age a higher, nobler sphere and greater achievements, indulge this gloomy speculation and say to talent, thus far shalt thou go and no farther. Should we mark out a limit for the mental stamp of the world a century hence, if till then time shall live, as unbecoming would it probably be, as the stamp of a century since ill becomes us, who have grown from infancy to *manhood*, but not to the *maturity of old age*. No, truth has as yet but begun that glorious consummation which it is to extend from time to the shores of eternity, and thence everlastingly through its realms.

But what are the *signs* of this? The *past* holds them out as bright lights of encouragement, shining brighter and brighter with increasing age. Four centuries ago, and the error of ignorance beclouded our own land, while in the thoughts of the Eastern world America had no

existence. The waters of the ocean washed no shores but their own, the light and heat of the sun warmed no other land than theirs, and the darkness of night revealed to them only the beauties of a hidden nature. But is America unknown now? Not only is the Western world known, but peopled with a people whose favor any state in Europe would now gladly claim. A short time since error showed itself in a thousand different forms, so interwoven with what seemed truth as that it were impossible to pluck up the one without destroying the other. Truth had its strong towers and error its castles, but seeking the latter now, we find them deserted—"the wild thistle waves on the wall and the fox looks out of the window." "In every shadow of its pleasant trees," which but yesterday were green with luxuriant verdure, "a grief sits sadly sobbing to its leaves."

As soon, however, might we ask a sign that the falling leaf was dying, or the sinking sun setting, as ask a sign that error is dying and truth rising, when we see it blazoned on every page of history, read it in every book of intelligence, and study it in every progress of science; nor could it be plainer did all the works of nature hold it forth graven on them with the Almighty's finger.

"Vice for a time may shine, and virtue sigh,
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal,
And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal."

BYSEL.

Y^E RIME OF Y^E ANCIENTE SOPHOMORE.

(ANNO 1759.)

Itt was an anciente Sophomore,
And he satt in grim despaire;
His eyes were roll'd up ceiling-ward,
His fingers clutcht his hair.

His pent-house eye-brow closte was knitte
 Into an angrie frowne;
 Before him layd a paper-sheets,
 Where lines were written down.

One redde: "In sad despaire I write;"
 Another: "Sweetest Fairie!"
 One: "Love, be mine, or else, this night"—
 And one: "My soule is wearie"—
 Each line was blotched o'er with inke,
 Except one: "To my Mary."

Itt seemed as if his stubborne thoughtes,
 To finde a vent were chary;
 He wildly stroked a *downie* chin,
 As yet by no means hairy.*

Oh, itt was an anciente Sophomore,
 Who sat thus in his chaire. He
 Strokt full grim his mayden chin,
 And looked dismalle, very.

Then swiftlie thro' his braine there fliht
 A thought as brilliante as
 Ye Eastern Sol's first gilded raie
 Uppon a bright cuirass.

He graspt his pen in eger haiste
 To put his phansy down;
 Whiles wakin on his lipe, a smille
 Chast from his brow ye frowne.

His eger hand did grasp ye pen
 And writ what herewith follows:
 "As flies scud thro' ye summer aire
 To shunn ye chasing swallowes,
 An effort vaine, thus, ladye faire,
 My hearte for quarter hollows."

"No, that went do," he faintly sayd,
 "For love is ever mute."
 He wrote againe: "Deare heav'nlie maide,
 As doth ye trembling lute

* The italics hint some local or temporary allusion, the point of which has been worn away by the intervening century. Can our College antiquaries probe the mystery?

" Responde unto ye slightest touche,
So doth my high-strung heart,
Half-crazd at sight of thine eye brighte,
Re-echo to Love's darts.

" As doth some ship-wreckt mariner,
Cast off, withouten charte,
Uppon a hen-coop, turn with joie
To grasp a lonelie tarte,

" A wanderer like hisself uppon
Ye ocean's drearie waste,
And boults it down his hongrie throate,
Withouten pause to taste,
So would I, greedie, clasp thee closte,
My arme about thy waist,

" My lips tight locht to thy sweete lips,
Like humming bird and honey—"

" I can't" (sighed he) " finde any rime,
Unless, perhaps, 'tis 'funny—"

" Ah yes, I have itt now!" he said,
" Twill ring like good coind money :
' Like beardid Turke, and lovelie mayd,
From Georgia's clime so sunnie.'—

" Ah ! that is fine, 'like bearded Turke!'
'Twill hinte of my mustatches ;
But—ye wimmen don't like 'bearded Turkes'—
Alas ! my cake's all ashes !

" I've ofte heard Mary say she hates
Ye Turkish poligamic ;
And then she'd laugh, and say suppose
I'd marryd her and Amy,

" Also her cozen Carrie, and
Prowd Emma Trayde-and-barterr,
(I guess ye man that weds with her
Will find he's 'cateht a Tartare.')

" She says, (and true) I'd goe and hang
Myself as high as Haman,
Ere Parson Browne had spliced ye match,
And Elder John sayd 'amen,'

" Therefore, ye 'bearded Turke' wont do,
And I must finde another."

He litt his pipe, and then upsett
Ye inke amid his pother?

Then, rushing to his deske, he draws
A razor from ye drawer,
With fierce intente to starte his ghosts
En route for Styx, his shore;

But then he thought, with dismall groane,
"I'll never see her more—
I'll be a mann, altho' I am,
Naught but a Sophomore."

* * * * *

That nighte ('tis sayd) thro' town there rusht
A sophomoric fellow,
Who whoopt and yeld, and staggerd loose,
As if with new wine mellowe;

That nighte ('tis said) there late was hearde.
A mandlin serenade,
Performd before 'ye vine-cladd cot'
Where slept a certaine mayd.

That night (*I know*) there was a mann
Who tumbelled into bed,
With muddie boots, untyd cravat,
And hat smasht on his head—
'Twas ye poettick Sophomore,
So folk next morning sayd.

NOTE.—The above humorous effusion, from the pen of one of our recent graduates, was written for a former number of the "Lit," but owing to some mishap, "its virtues ne'er shone on College soil."—Ed.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A nation's character and a nation's customs are stamped in her literature. As language advances with a people's growth, so a nation's thought is gradually moulded from the rougher forms of infancy into the more refined and polished stages of its manhood. The expression of that

thought in its various forms, which constitutes a nation's literature, must then be greatly modified by the prominent characteristics of the originators, according as they are the more barbarous or more enlightened; as a people, bold, independent and free, or, on the other hand, timid, affable and restrained. For as in the writings of any author his own character and his own peculiarities of genius shine forth upon every page and are manifest from the whole subject matter, the same principle applies with no less degree of accuracy when taken collectively. When we see a nation guided in all her actions by a prominent desire of authority, fond of holding in subjection the weaker powers, we find her literature marked by the same characteristic impulse of domineering anarchy. Or, on the other hand, if genuine liberty is a nation's boast, and the prosperity of the people the true aim of her government, her literature is necessarily moulded by the same noble and elevated principles. Hence the peculiar originality of our own literature. With less of deep and solid thought than the English, and with less of mere superfluous expression than the French, it combines the practical common sense of the former with the life and vivacious energy of the latter.

In this view of the case there is, perhaps, no essayist of the present day who more properly deserves the name of an American writer, than Oliver Wendell Holmes. We claim not for him the position of a first class writer, indeed too many portions of his productions may more justly be compared to a shallow and muddily flowing stream than to the clear and crystal rivulet, where the thought is often concealed by the tiresome verbosity of expression; but although we cannot place him by the side of such as Coleridge, Addison, or Macaulay, from originality of thought and activity of genius he deserves a high rank in American literature. The former is, we think, the characterizing feature of his writings. All

sameness of expression is avoided; each sentence is marked by his own character; and when an old thought is to be advanced, which was uttered perchance hundreds of years ago, its dress and external appearance is always new. If a forlorn and dejected beggar be removed from his filth, stripped of his rags and clothed in new apparel, he will necessarily seem like a changed man; and so it is with some stray thought, uttered perhaps by some old Grecian sage and which has wandered in obscurity through the Middle Ages, unnoticed up to the present day, is adopted by him and clothed in new apparel and exhibited in a new phase, until it seems like a changed and novel thought.

His style of thinking is no less original than his manner of expression—every topic of which he treats is represented in some new light, so that those truths which in themselves may appear metaphysical and abstruse are rendered by the touch of his magic wand at once pleasing and interesting.

His "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is marked throughout by the peculiarity we have mentioned; the aim of the production being, evidently, to entertain rather than to edify, it is, in every respect, what the contribution to a popular magazine should be. Another prominent characteristic of this volume is the genuine wit of its author—not an unnatural or far-fetched drollery, but trite and humorous witticisms. He also manifestly possesses a keen insight into human nature, and lessons may be received from the perusal of such a volume, which will prove of no little advantage in our every day life.

His "Professor at the Breakfast Table" is, we think, in many respects superior to the "Autocrat." The subjects of which he here treats are more elevated and perhaps more interesting; and, at the same time, handled in a more popular and more masterly manner. With his original independence he expresses freely and without re-

straint his opinion upon all the more important topics of the day; and the oracle of the table at which he sits, his instructions are given to all whom they may concern. The frequent use of figures is one of the many peculiarities of the "Professor;" the similes and comparisons are selected not so much from the field of the sublime as from the common place; and so frequently are they brought into play that an unpleasant monotony is thereby produced. His purpose seems to be, from the frequency of his illustrations, when a thought is once expressed to drive it into the mind of the reader by an exemplifying thump, on the principle of young children masticating the alphabet to facilitate the memory.

This originality of thought and expression so frequently manifested in both these productions, notwithstanding the charm which it adds to all his writings, has, we think, been carried to extremes, until, in many instances, there has been imparted an appearance of conceit, which must necessarily deteriorate from their merit. His interference in politics and religion has also cast a blemish upon his character which all his acknowledged merit as an essayist can never erase. His attacks against the religion of his forefathers are not the open assaults of an avowed enemy, but the silent thrusts of a timid and secret foe. His anticipations with regard to that institution which he holds in such contempt, are the following: "Our religion has been Judaized, it has been Romanized, it has been Anglicized, and the time is at hand when it must be Americanized;" in what this all important change consists, or in what manner he desires it to be effected, we know not; but, judging from the general drift of the author's argument, we may conclude that the expected event is to be an utter abolishment—he considers the institution a fetter to the growth of American genius and longs for its removal.

As a popular lecturer he moves in a higher sphere. He

possesses not, it is true, the persuasive eloquence of a Webster, or the irresistible oratory of a Clay; but, with subjects always timely and well chosen, the superior merit of his discourse, as well as his acknowledged powers of elocution, demand the attention and receive the approbation of the audience. His aim is not so much to excel in bold flights of oratory, as to engage and interest his hearers, and in this he is eminently successful. We think there is no orator of the day either of the pulpit, at the bar or in the Halls of Legislature, who, at all times, so firmly rivets the attention of the audience as does Oliver Wendell Holmes.

His views, at once so erroneous and repulsive upon the various topics of politics and religion, and which so sadly deteriorate from the merit of his writings, are here laid aside. And with a happy combination of the plain and practical with the elaborate and rhetorical, the grave and serious with the witty and humorous, the pathetic with the sportive, and the sublime with the ridiculous, his lectures are well worthy the admiration and well deserve the applause they have every where received.

But we must not conclude without an allusion to his ability as a poet. Unsuccessful in his longer productions, his shorter poems are marked throughout by a true poetic spirit. With regard to these, we think it would be difficult to find in the poems of any other author greater depth of expression or a more genuine poetic sentiment. Their superior excellence consists not in the character of the thought or in the peculiar beauty of expression, considered singly, but in the perfect unity of both.

His more recent poems are in many respects far superior to those of an earlier date; and in these, as well as in his prose writings and public lectures, he possesses the same extensive scope. At one time, in Anacreontic strain he sings of the pleasures and the joys of boyhood, and calls to mind the pleasant scenes of youth; at another,

laments the many disappointments and sorrows that daily surround the path of the time-worn mariner upon the ocean of life; and now, in sublime but solemn tone, he hails the joyous morn, when

"The choral host had closed the angel's strain
Sung to the midnight watch on Bethlehem's plain;
And now the shepherd's, hastening on their way,
Sought the still hamlet where the Infant lay."

His poem entitled "A Mother's Secret," which has recently appeared, is, we think, a most superior production. Containing the account of one of the many interesting scenes in the life of Israel's Son, it seems as if none but he who felt could speak such words as these; it closes with the following:

"Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall:
A mother's secret hope outlives them all."

Such, then, is Oliver Wendell Holmes. And, although inferior in either of the capacities he so much adorns to many in the literary world, still we claim, that as an essayist, a lecturer and a poet combined, he has seldom been surpassed. 4

THE HUMILITY OF GENIUS.

There is a spirit of the times, whose tendency is to exalt human reason, as the talismanic touchstone which can infallibly detect, and separate truth. This spirit is usually possessed by men, whose pride has so perverted their reason, that they easily surround themselves with a fog, which they imagine to be the sunlight of truth, instead of the darkness of the mist. Anything beyond the

reach of their feeble vision, they regard as absurd and impossible, and never think the true absurdity of the case, lies in their shutting out God's sunlight, by the cloud of their foolish self-conceit. These men have yet to learn there is a world of hidden realities, whose truth is not to be submitted to the test of human reason; and that self-reliant incredulity is the lowest, as an humble faith in God's hidden mysteries is the highest, exercise of which reason is capable. Closely allied to this spirit, is the self-asserting tendency of a certain class, founded in a presumed possession of gifts, in which arrogated claim is its only title to honor or respect. We may safely venture to say, that among no class is this spirit less manifest, than among men of true genius. The pride of intellect, which makes the high achievements of man its shrine of worship, is no part of the devotion kindled at the pure altars, from which true genius draws its inspiration. Indeed, humility is so usual a characteristic of genius, that we must consider it as something more than an accident of its nature. It cannot be explained as the result of fortuitous circumstance, or arbitrary influence. If it be not a necessary condition, it is, at least, more than the product of an unusual idiosyncrasy. Whatever may be the essence, or scope of genius, certain it is, in its highest exercises, it has little of a spirit of self-exaltation. An approximate reason for what we have stated, may be found in the individualizing tendency of genius. It takes away the possessor from the mass of humanity, which rises no higher than a half sceptical conviction of its own identity, and assigns him an existence, real, and separate. It prevents oneness of relations with the common throng, and endows with a distinct personality, which can draw no stimulus to action from conventional rules, or popular prestige. A man conscious of standing thus alone, cannot estimate his worth from the daily price current, but must measure himself, by the standards of his own high

ideal. In the pursuit of those distinctive aims, marked out by his genius, irresistible forces will often oppose his progress. Unequal to the encounter, he must then yield to the stern necessity, which recognizes no law, with a consciousness of weakness forced home upon him. Humbled though he be, the defeat is not inglorious. If he has lost the object of his hopes, he has won himself; if he has been taught the limitation of his powers, they are none the less fired with zeal for new conflicts. The glow of enthusiasm still animates him, and he has only found its proper restraints. The enthusiasm of true genius, is not a pretentious marshalling, or blustering show of power, but the living inspiration of its high ends. Self-assertion is changed to self-negation, by the contemplation of its grand ideas. From the power of these, the gifted man will sometimes feel the pulsations of a heart, he scarcely thinks to be his own. It is a throb of his higher life, whose content is in

"Deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,"

and whose activity is among the scenes of the ideal world, which the material so truly symbolizes. There, where human feet have never trod, his influence lives, a mighty, everlasting power. He discovers this to be the mysterious link which binds him to that higher life, and ever after, touches cautiously the chords that vibrate through eternity itself. The enthusiasm of the scientific man is but the power, within him, of the newly discovered truth. The rapture of the artist, as he looks upon the embodiment of his genius in the majestic statue, or in the living beauty of the painting, will not let him forget the restraint put upon his powers; these cannot go beyond the reproduction of nature's grand ideals. Even the genius that feels the inspiration of the muse, sees the universe full of undeveloped harmonies, ready at the touch of some higher hand, to vibrate in unison with the symphonies of

heaven. In whatever sphere genius may apply itself, it can go just far enough, to enlarge its idea of the eternal source of truth, but to learn its inability to comprehend that source. Though it fly from mountain top to mountain top of knowledge; from its noble heights appear still loftier summits it cannot reach. Though it go beyond the limits before attained, and venture upon the regions of discovery; it looks out upon an illimitable ocean, of whose immensity, the dim vista opened through the darkness, gives but a faint realization. The scattered pearls upon that ocean's shore, seem of little worth to one, who has sought to view the rich treasures of its depths. He has learned, he cannot wreath a perfect diadem for the brow of science, and can only hope to put here and there a gem, which may shine in her future coronet of beauty. And yet, true genius toils on, finding its reward in the conscience of honorable enterprise, rather than the prospect of glory which attends it.

It recognizes as the rule of its action devotion to a worthy end, not to honor self, but to gain the end, and it finds fidelity to this principle, is the sure guaranty, as it is the first great law, of success, comprehending within itself all noblest impulses to activity, and reaching our highest idea of freedom—the dignity of self-imposed law.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Did you ever think *how* you will remember yourself in the next world you live in? Why, it never occurred there would be any more difficulty *then*, in recognizing who I am than there is in knowing who I am *now*.

Yes, that will do for your present self; but how will

you recall your past personality?—Never thought anything about it?

Well, *we* had not till the other day, but since then the automatic machinery of our mental workshop has kept it revolving so constantly, that think about it we must. At first there were compunctious visitings of the invisible monitor, due to our sensitive dread of irreverence, as to the propriety of indulging cogitation upon such a subject. A reference, however, to our standard in matters of casuistry “calmed our fears,” and we *proceeded* to “think it oft.”

How well we *succeeded* is quite another matter. By the way we wish you would try your skill upon it before you read further, and then, “comparing notes,” see how similar—different—our methods are.

Our way of thinking is, like the channel of the Mississippi, somewhat devious, and—though you will say we need’nt have told you—like the waters of the Missouri, turbid.

But, nevertheless, here is what we thought—(we know which the blind side of the editor is,)—“Man is the epitome of universal nature, the embodiment of all her functions, the focus of all her light, and the representative of all her perfections.” You see we did not begin by etherealizing. The action of the mind is curious however. When, a little school-boy, we used to read the above quotation, we little imagined it would ever come up in a train of thought to perplex the incipency of our manhood. We suppose one of our Professors would give as the underlying principle, “A line of thought if kept ten years will intersect some other.”

But to return to our quotation. Of what sort of a man is it affirmed? Of him perfect as regards organic structure? No. The mental man? No. Man as consisting of moral attributes alone? It is he in whom there is a happy blending and symmetrical proportion of all these qualities.

As when we speak of a tree, we do not conceive of roots and trunk only, but also of branches, leaves and fruit; so of man; he is not physical, he is not intellectual, he is not religious; he is *all* these if he be a perfect man.

We often hear, however, of the individuality of man. Is this, the question arises, an additional element in his composition, something aside from the three distinctive features we have spoken of? Anatomists, metaphysicians, and theologians, have agreed upon the triple division above stated as comprising the entire man. To which part, then, does this new characteristic belong, if it of itself is not a separate component? Observation gives answer, it may be resident in *each*—possibly in *all*. What is it then, to define it, or, logically more correct, to distinguish it?

As explained by physiologists, it signifies the desire to see and examine, or the cognizance of individual objects; that quality which individualizes every thing. This is not the import to which we refer; we mean rather, the being individualized, that ingredient which constitutes singleness of existence as independent of the possession of common attributes. It is precisely apprehended in household parlance, when it is said such a man has lost, or has no individuality. It is, perhaps, the exponent of a power. By way of illustration: the strength of the lion as manifested in his roar, "afar off heard," furnishes him with a terror-inspiring individuality.

That of the dove is gentleness, evinced by soft cooings. The tiny shell of ocean, the tender lily of the valley, and the frail mountain flower, affirm the presence of this quality in elegance of organism. Strength and vastness show it in the sturdy oak and towering pine. These, nevertheless, though individualizing characteristics, are natural qualities. Man, in any sense which makes its possession at all desirable, is not restricted by the bestowments of nature for his individuality.

He enjoys, in addition to the mere organism of vegetables and the mentality of brute creation, an ennobling intellectuality, capable of an almost infinite extension. He *may* develop the physical and place himself at but a short remove from the lower animals; he *may* acquire notoriety; but there is a wide difference between *it* and the subject under consideration.

The latter is one of the causes by which one may secure the former; but the former may be in one's having without an iota of the latter.

What nature does is only to indicate the direction, the expansion of man's mind ought to take. To Milton she gave the bent of the ideal. By faithfully following her guidance he has left us a work the unsurpassed and unsurpassable masterpiece of the world. She led Webster into the intricate path of argument, till for his fame in explaining its subtleties, he became styled "The Lion of the North."

Those who profess belief in phrenological science, pretend to have discovered facial lineaments resembling the "King of the Forest" to which he was likened. Fancy, no doubt, as in the case of Tristram Burgess, denominated the "Bald Eagle," had much to do in the formation of this belief. There is, notwithstanding, one point of analogy. He reigned *mental* king, and when he roared a listening nation trembled. There is one feature of this subject which is worthy of notice though not new. As in human beings there are no two faces so closely alike as not to be distinguishable, so no two persons have exactly the same individualizing properties.

This should be matter of satisfaction to all, and to none more than to Collegians, some of whom may profit from a consideration of the fact if they will suffer reflection. It is amusing to notice what the fear that this fact is *not* such leads to among ourselves.

Some, by reason of it, ape eccentricity. They have to

live and learn that *it* is not a synonym with their individuality. It is pernicious in the extreme and always a failure.

Some, wise "above what is written," seek to acquire it by neglect of parts of the prescribed course, and by exclusive (?) attention to one or two particular branches. They have only to find, with regret, that a comprehensive foundation is the only condition of a towering superstructure.

Some assume the independent. *They* will not be trammelled by the conventionalities of society. The world learns much sooner than they do that they are simply fools *et nescientes*.

Some, more to be pitied than blamed, suppose that they shall succeed in obtaining it by having merely the quality of receptivity. They would probably improve, could they be induced to indulge in comparisons, by seeing men in an attempt to build a house, throw bricks into an indiscriminate heap, and afterwards adding, *ad infinitum*, sand and quick lime.

Students, while such, should limit their aspirations in this respect.

There are but few who will not be materially damaged entering upon the exciting race while in College. If we wish to be impressed ineffaceably upon the tablet of the world's memory, patience for four years is but the beginning of that necessary virtue.

We have said that man, in reference to one subject, is not limited by nature. In its most desirable form the possession of individuality is the result of acquirement, or rather development. To accomplish it, man must know himself. Pythagoras well understood this. From the glittering temple at Delphos, in golden letters, flashing in the sunlight, was inscribed his favorite precept: *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*. Rigid obedience to the injunction of this aphorism, though often humiliating in its disclosures, is the only way by which to discover the proper direction for

our minds, the particular path of adaptation to our motive power; in fine, to make evident the only worthy individuality.

We have thus, reader, given you the racy, divergent ideas to which our question, self-proposed, gave rise. They are apparently, as you may suppose, extraneous to the proposed interrogatory, and may seem to have no bearing upon its solution. We have given them, however, because we thought so; and we thought so, because it seemed necessary to an adequate apprehension of the question.

We are now prepared to furnish the answer we arrived at, and, in so doing, close our article.

We shall remember our former selves by special individual experiences in the particular parts which we played upon the stage of life, and not by those feelings, passions, and affections, which are characteristic of the common attributes of humanity. "Love and hate have no more individuality in them than single waves of ocean," but the peculiar conditions which "distinguished those whom we loved or hated make their memory our own forever, and with it that of our own personality also." I.

THE NEEDFUL "TIN."

Bright as beams the soul of beauty,
In fair Nature's open face,
Plain as seems the path of duty,
To each athlete in the race—
Still the paths that men deem brightest,
And the ones they first begin,
Beam to them with rays the lightest,
With the "*raise*" of needful "*Tin*!"

There are many ways of letting
 Every passion loose to sin;
 There are many ways of getting,
 And of "*getting taken in.*"
 If a braggart pants for glory,
 He is always sure to win;
 And a fool is famed in story,
 If he has the needful "*Tin!*"

There is fragrance in the flower,
 There is music in the grove;
 And it needs no latent power,
 To enwrap the soul in Love!
 But the heart's supreme affection,
 Is so weird-like and so thin,
 That its claims to fall perfection,
 Rest upon the needful "*Tin!*"

Festive boards, with plenty groaning,
 Every luxury receive;
 But they curse the beggar moaning,
 And have nothing else to give.
 Genius hides his god-like dower,
 That he may preserve the skin!
 And await the golden hour,
 When it brings the needful "*Tin!*"

Vain appears the heart's ambition,
 Foolish every noble aim—
 But a *poist*, each proud position—
 E'en Religion but a name;—
 Love and Friendship too must languish,
 And devotion seem a sin;
 If the soul is pressed with anguish,
 That it is *not* pressed with "*Tin!*"

Thus it is, the "*root of evil,*"
 Spreads its branches far and wide;
 Till within each leaf a *devil*,
 May in perfect safety hide!
 Could a soul thus burdened, ever
 Through the "*needle's eye*" get in?
 Nay! its portion must forever,
 Be a Heaven MADE OF "*TIN.*"

X. E. P.

RAKES.

What student of Nassau is there who has not read the Soph. Rake? We remember very distinctly the first one that ever came into our hands. Although a newey at College and but slightly acquainted with the mass of students, we shouted with delight over the cool impudent manner in which poor Freshmen and Juniors were lashed. We felt that the flings and sarcasms on students personally unknown to us, must be true. Even when our own turn came and our blunders and mishaps formed the theme of Sophomoric verse, there was, we assure you reader, no feeling of resentment. We laughed at our own caricature as heartily as at that of any of the rest. And such we are confident should be the feelings of every one who winces under this lash. There is no use in being put out at College gibes. He who pretends to conquer sarcasm by anger will find his path thorny. The smoothest shield easiest turns aside the shaft of ridicule.

Now we candidly think that in *some* respects, Rakes are *good*. No one whose mind is not mental sawdust can read any one of them without enjoying a hearty laugh over the follies therein ridiculed. If he himself is at times the victim, so much the better. It will be a good test of his College capacities. He who can pass through the fiery ordeal of Sophomore wit with anger unkindled, may ordinarily be reckoned fire proof for the remainder of his course. Besides it does one good to be occasionally ridiculed. We all have faults, unknown to ourselves, but not on that account any the less disagreeable to others. We may be slightly conceited, or too formal, or too fresh. The best way to be cured of such faults is to be laughed out of them. No one ever finds his way into the Rake without being himself to blame. Else where would lie the point of wit? It is impossible to caricature a face

perfectly proportioned. The idea is a contradiction in terms. But let one have a nose a trifle too long. A small stretch of the imagination will readily add another inch and give him a family likeness to Punch. The mouth, which is a trifle too wide, can easily be made to gape from ear to ear. So with mental portraitures. May be you are a little too close in money matters. The satirist in a few skillful touches makes you out stingy. You are a trifle too fond of your own say. Under his ready pen, you become gassy. You are slow through inattention. Soon you are roused with a "How now, stupid?" So on down the calendar. To be brief, let this comforting word of advice be held by every unfortunate writhing under this lash of the College Furies—If you are Raked, blame none but yourself. The mere fact of your being caught on the pages of a Rake is a sure sign that you were on forbidden ground. All that remains for you to do is to mend your ways.

So much for our first position that Rakes are in *some* respects *good*. We now assert that in other and far more important particulars they are *bad*. This evil does not, we think, lie in their objective properties, to strain metaphysical language, but in their subjective. To be plain, it does not hurt one to be Raked, it does injure him to Rake another. A Rake article is like a Mexican musket, oftener hurting the one who shoots than the one shot at. It is our deliberate opinion that while few, very few, if indeed any, suffer more than temporary annoyance from Rake ridicule, very many have been seriously injured by undertaking to supply that ridicule. It is but a small matter to banter a friend in conversation, to laugh at his mishaps, and make fun of his idiosyncracies. But deliberately to compose a piece, perchance a lengthy one, showing up in the strongest light the failings of one who may even be a stranger, is, to say the least, a thankless job. Besides, it has its reaction. Every unkind word or ex-

pression only sours the "milk of human kindness in our own bosoms." Let any one try to show up a verdant Fresh in mock heroics. Will he feel better afterwards? Can he rise from the task conscious that he has been worthily employed?

But this is not all. To edit a Rake is a serious undertaking. It costs money, which often comes from the pockets of those little able to afford it. Further, some must have the general supervision. Thereupon a few choice spirits are selected to bear the brunt of the battle, i. e. to collect money, write the leading editorials, so to speak, be bored with manuscript and proof corrections, do all dirty work, and last, but not least, act as scape-goats who may carry away into the desert of rustication the sins of the class. These assertions need no proof other than that they carry with them. Reader, are they not so? There are many now in College who can most heartily testify to the fact that Rakes have done *them* no good. Let every editor still here come forth. Not one but can tell you of hours and days and weeks spent in anxious deliberation as to how this article might suit or how that one might be trimmed fit for publication; what a bore it was to have his room an Olympic Council Chamber, where the other editors, each pipe in hand, blowing clouds of smoke like some *νεφεληγγερετα Ζεϋς*, smoked, and as they smoked, concluded inwardly that writing was good, but smoking better. Was there not an intense feeling of relief when the Rake was at last brought forth, when the tender brood of so many settings paddled down the muddy stream of College episode? Did not each one say at last in wonder at himself, "How could I ever go through so much for so little?" Here has been thrown away, hour after hour, in the very seed-time of life; idle habits have been contracted; evil dispositions strengthened; nothing gained, almost everything lost, all for what? Let echo answer, from the inmost caverns of the editor's heart, "What?"

Now, kind reader, be patient with us a little longer. If we have said aught which might offend your feelings, attribute it not to any intention so to do, but merely to our blundering zeal. The words of a friend are often unpleasant. Still we have thought it somewhat a matter of duty freely to express our own opinion on the subject of Rakes, and honestly endeavor to make converts to that opinion. If we succeed, we deem ourselves amply repaid. If we fail, there still remains the consciousness of duty performed. The voice of inspiration saith, "Let every man be persuaded in his own mind." Let now the Sophomore and Freshman classes come forward and say: Fellow students, we are perfectly willing to oblige you in anything reasonable. We acknowledge that it is comparatively a small matter to show you up in your defects, to laugh at you and with you over your follies and absurdities. That is of little consequence. But we are not willing that the occasions of such fun should be furnished at so great an expense to ourselves. We cannot consent that our best writers and wits should slave week after week, collecting every little tit-bit of College scandal for the grand rehash at the end of the year; that their time should be wasted for us, and for you, too, indeed; that they should run the risk of extreme College censure, all for the mere temporary pleasure of having a good laugh at your expense. If such were the feelings expressed by the mass of students, we are confident that a healthier tone of opinion would be held on this still puzzling topic.

SELF-INTEREST.

Studying the world of human nature and making an observing induction we resolve it into the "me" and the "not me." The relative position and importance of these

two grand divisions, as affecting the general mind, have become decidedly marked. This relation, as expressed in the best of grammar, is "ego et rex." It is true that modern courtesy has changed the form of expression, yet the cause for this change, instead of being found in the relation spoken of, exists in the more refined development of that principle which furnished the ground of the classification. This refinement has taught us that "they love least who let men know their love," and that the designs of self are oftentimes best furthered by cloaking them in the garb of courtesy and benevolence. The reign of self-interest is world wide. On the one hand, as an instinctive principle of self-love, prompting to the preservation of life and the promotion of our own happiness, it is a power for good. Taking into the scope of its exercise the whole of our existence, drawing from the treasures of the past, and looking with a prophetic eye to the future, and, in view of both of these, improving the present, it is a leaven of power in the mind, awakening a proper appreciation of the relation between self and the external world of circumstances which go to make up the formative element in the production of a character fitted to fulfil the noble ends of creation. Prompting to a clear conception of our relations, to the Author of life, it subserves the highest ends of religion. Leading to a recognition of our relations as social beings, it causes the man to remember that he is the keeper of his fellow, so far as the principle of cause and effect is a law in the social world, and regulates his conduct in accordance with the highest principles of virtue, making charity a cardinal doctrine of his creed. On the other hand, as reduced to selfishness, it becomes an equally potent agent for evil. Presenting our characters in the distorted view of a magnified importance, it presses home upon us a recognition of ourselves in that character at the expense of our every nobler feeling. Thus deceiving us it leads us uncon-

sciously to the deception of others, and as instruments for securing an aim so unworthy, the whole train of vices is present to our hand, and

“ — what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.”

Inducing us to think that the fountains of pleasure are within ourselves, it sanctifies the most unholy motives and purifies the basest means. Self becomes the medium through which we view the external world, and

“ Passing there the clearest, steadiest ray
Will tinge its light and turn its line astray.”

That this latter is the character of the self-interest of the world at large, is too sadly true. So true is it that it has been questioned whether any human act, even of the purest benevolence, is without selfishness. This mistaken idea arises from confounding selfishness with that normal condition of self-love which is both lawful and unavoidable in human nature; the one an ordinate, the other an inordinate, self-interest; the one a laudable self-love, the other a sordid selfishness. This misguided self-interest produces in the individual, blind to his own errors, egotism, in society strife, in the church bigotry, and in the state oppression. The cause of our clinging so tenaciously to this delusive principle of action, even in its estranged condition, is two-fold and simple. First, because it is *self*. Bringing into the world only our own existence, we naturally attach an importance to that very being, and as one acquisition after another is made, they partake of the same importance until the pronoun *my* possesses a peculiar charm. Learning to love what may be perhaps good because it is *ours*, we are easily led to maintain the same ground of affection even when the object is unworthy. Thus we often cherish our very faults and find excuse for what would meet with no palliation in others, simply because it is *ours*. Self-interest derives its attraction to us, secondly, from the fact that it is *interest*. One of the great

ends in the possession of talent, of circumstance and of privilege, is usury. So truly is the question of advantage a principle in the human constitution, that "what shall it profit a man," is a legitimate question in his highest concerns. In self-love it furnishes the good of the individual, in patriotism the good of the country, in an extended charity the good of the race, and in religion the declarative glory of the Author of our being. It adds a charm to every department of human labor. It presents an object for the exercise of every faculty, and is, in fact, necessary in calling out that exercise. Becoming an object of desire, it is the motive of human action. In selfishness, while this use becomes abuse, it yet retains its nature as seeming advantage, and never fails to press its recommendations upon us. We recognize it ever as an old friend, still as dear to us in the days of our departure from rectitude as when we were together in the path of virtue. Thus binding us by a two-fold cord, self-interest leads us willing captives.

"Whatever the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
No one will change his neighbor for himself."

Through the individual it affects society and the world. Shut out from the world of feeling, with every tie which binds him to his fellow severed, the selfish man lives in the nurture of those principles which bear at least the fruit of folly. Ambition springs into life a full-grown monster, breeding in the mind discontent, and in its train desolation! Hypocrisy becomes the garb beneath which to conceal designs that, justify as we may to ourselves, we feel cannot meet the approbation of others. The great issues of life are lost sight of or turned aside into the narrow channels of bigotry, and forced to a loss of their true dignity. The exalted and ennobling principles of human action are exchanged for the sordid and debasing. The world becomes to us only the passing *now*, in which we are "the Alpha and the Omega." If we, perchance,

compare this now with the past *then*, we derive no lessons of good which, when practically applied, work our progress, but measure the worth of the contrast by the rule of profit and loss, as indicated by the false balance of a perverted mind. Blinded to the true weight and worth of our own judgment,

"To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake."

Judging of everything by the standard of individual emolument, we are lost to the higher principles of good will, charity, and benevolence, in which things they who follow after them, while they "seek not their own," at the same time reap a rich reward. Within a narrow, contracted policy we find no room for symmetrical development of character. Condemned alike by reason and revelation, this principle, so subversive of the true interests of mankind, must give way in the contest with truth. That other principle, perfectly consistent with true self-love, that the greatest good of the whole is in perfect harmony with the good of the individual, must triumph. Not until then will truth, in its might, prevail.

H.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

'Tis autumn, and the trees are shedding
Leaves like tears for summer gone,
See them fall with sad-like motion,
Fall like snow-flakes on the lawn.

Now the oak tree shakes its branches,
As a giant in his wrath,
While the tempest scatters wildly,
Leaves along its dreary path.

Now the willow near the river,
Scatters leaves upon its breast,
Thence they glide like things forgotten,
To the mighty sea of rest.

So fond friends are falling ever,
Like the leaves, into the dust,
Dying, are like them, forgotten,
But their souls live 'mong the just.

J. A. S.

Editor's Table.

It is with no slight degree of satisfaction and heart-felt gratulation, that we are enabled to lay before our readers the result of another month of editorial labor.

In resuming, for the last time, that highly important article of upholstery so dear to the heart of every "Knight of the Pen and Scissors," the "easy chair," (which by the way, has been very nearly worn out by the frequent allusions made to it,) with the firm determination of fulfilling the remaining duties incident to our exalted position, we are unable to repress a sigh in contemplating the brevity of all sublunary glory.

At this stage of editorial career, our mind instinctively reverts to the many pleasant hours spent in collecting and arranging for publication, contributions so willingly, and in some cases voluntarily furnished, "*et male tornatos incudi redens versus.*"

You may be assured, gentle reader, our labors have not been undertaken from love of filthy lucre—surely no one imagines the occupation ever *pays*—neither has it been our desire to shine "a meteor in the editorial line"—none will ever think we were so presuming as to hope from "rags and lamp-black" e'er to win a name—"at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier hic est."

Our cotemporary (who, now we think of it, by his vigorous onset upon the muses, must have driven some of our Poets into the murky shades of the "Devil's Pulpit,") touched a sympathetic chord, which vibrated to every extremity of our excited personality by the mere mention of a name.

Who has not felt his soul thrill with delight when the image of some almost forgotten loved one was brought suddenly before him? "How small a key unlocks the yielding heart!" How many a well remembered scene is recalled by the simple name of "Mag."

Again our mind is among the halcyon days, when life was young, when together with her, upon whose superabundant beauties we have often dwelt with rapture, we were wont to plod our weary way to and from the village school. No corroding care had then invaded the sunshine of youth—visions of honorable distinction had not yet danced before our boyish imagination. But these are among the faded

memories of the misty past, and soon, like the former, will *she* who now occupies a similar place in our affections, and to whom we have willingly sacrificed both *ease* and *talents*, pass from our gaze forever, and leave us to grapple alone with life's realities.

Pardon our digression, reader, we had well nigh grown poetical over what may to you, seem a matter of small import. Perhaps you have never experienced similar feelings—or it may be your heart is so steeled that the repetition of a name bears with it no significance. If so, call us sentimental, moon-struck, or whatever you choose, only don't wonder, if we express our unfeigned surprise at your stoicism.

So much for the pathetic part of our table. Let us now turn from Pathos, it may be, to Bathos. Will we be compelled to run the gauntlet of college criticism by an ineffectual attempt to perpetrate a few puns? We sincerely trust our readers will force upon us no such expedient. It is truly lamentable to witness the fearful increase of *would-be punsters* in our midst. Some half a dozen of our most intimate friends have offered us for publication more than double that number of original puns of their own *selection*, but we have invariably refused them on account of their jejuneness.

Sir A. Agnew (with how much of truth we are not prepared to say) characterizes the wit of the three kingdoms as follows: "The English play upon words—the Scotch upon feeling—and the Irish upon ideas."

Now in the light of *punstersy** can any one tell us to which of the above classes our *punish* friends belong? If to the English—shades of the immortal "Shak." protect our mother tongue from such mutilation! If to the Irish—what an immense number of "intellectual coppers" would be pitched about the campus, day after day! If to the Scotch—our minds would be hourly wrought up to the highest pitch of excitation. Since they are *not* to be found in the above category, we naturally conclude by a process of reasoning, (not a chemical process,) they must belong to a class whose proclivities in this respect have not yet been accurately defined.

We are by no means averse to good puns, on the contrary, we have even consented to make a display of our national idiosyncrasy by an occasional attempt to play upon the *pheelinks* of some good-natured friend.

We proceed to give you a *capital* pun, which, as it has never appeared in print, we conclude must have been an emanation from our own brain. We have not unfrequently been asked if the duties editorial are *onerous*? For the benefit of those who may be looking forward with longing expectancy to the exalted position of "Editor of Nassau Lit.," and (judging from the numerous offers of assistance which we have received, there are not a few,) we would reply: quite as much so as *honorous* (honorous it will be perceived is corrupt—very corrupt—Latin for honorable,) though even the "honor" all Editors will find in the beautiful motto inscribed on the shield of Nelson—"est a Ni(hi)lo." Let any one who wishes to impugn our veracity, step into our sanctum, which by the way, is furnished with all the modern inconveniences, the above-mentioned "chair" included, and judge for himself. Here sits the Editor with limbs extended at an angle of about *forty-five*, pulling lustily at the end of a very indifferent roll of the "Indian weed," and speculating perhaps upon the probabilities of ever possessing a *domus et placens uxor* all to himself; or it may be, gazing wistfully into the burning anthracite before him

* { Minstrel—Minstrel-er.
 { Punster—Punster-er.

to see if the CO as it gracefully curls above the heated mass, will emit a sparkling thought which may be made to contribute to the interest of his pages, when—hark—there comes a sudden rap, and immediately thereafter in walks a particular friend, plants himself deliberately in the “easy chair,” which that humble functionary, the Editor, has deferentially extended, and loudly vociferates—“Want to see your exchanges.”

Actuated by a desire to extend every courtesy in our power, and hoping by such a method of procedure the more speedily to rid ourself of an unwelcome visitor, we patiently await his *progressive* movements. In this, however, we are doomed to sad disappointment. No sooner does he conjecture our state of mind, than his determination to remain increases in an inverse ratio. It is in vain we suggest “post time,” &c. The beautiful ideas upon which we were so fondly doting are like our patience, rapidly finding egress. Perceiving his audacity exceeds the utmost bounds of propriety, and that “patience ceases to be a virtue,” we seriously deliberate upon the expediency of resorting to an application of the *argumentum baculinum*, but are obliged to soothe our rising choler, by revolving a couplet from the immortal bard,

“O wad some pou'r the gifle gie us,
To see oursel as others see us.”

We think enough has been said to give our readers a glance at editorial life in College. Suffice it to say, the picture here presented is by no means overdrawn.

Let it not be understood that we have the slightest desire to turn our sanctum into a “dull Lapponian cell,” our reputation for conviviality (we speak it without ostentation,) bears ample proof to the contrary. We are happy at all times to meet, and entertain our friends, to any *reasonable* extent.

Time with ceaseless wing is rapidly hastening on that long wished for period when the class of '60 will be required to make a display of their oratorical skill to the infinite *delight* of the fair denizens of Princeton. Apropos of ‘Chapel Speaking,’ we have often been surprised that so little attention is generally given in Colleges to the subject of *oratory*.

Our thoughts have been directed to this matter by certain charges preferred against our late Commencement exercises, by a writer in one of the New York journals. The reviewer makes in substance this sweeping assertion: “Most of the speeches delivered were *inferior* to those of the Free Academy.” Now this, to say the most, is not a very flattering compliment, and we should be inclined to put in our disclaimer against the charge of having the opprobrious epithet “mere school-boy efforts” applied to our literary productions, were it not for the fact, that there is more *truth* than *poetry* in the above statement. It is a truth too glaring to be refuted, that no one branch in our curriculum is so much neglected. Although we are unwilling to accept Chesterfield’s opinion, that a “good orator is as much a machine as a good shoemaker, and that the same amount of application would insure an equal degree of excellence in either,” it is an undeniable fact that from the roughest specimens of humanity there have been moulded jewels in oratorical excellence, whose lustre has reflected honor upon the escutcheon of a nation’s glory.

How then are we to receive this preparatory training without the aid of a living teacher? Why can we not be upon a par with several of our sister Colleges in having a chair of Elocution? While the student’s mind is filled with an abundance of “classic lore,” and his brain racked in the oftentimes fruitless endeavor to master those sciences which result in little or no practical benefit aside from the

mere habits of accuracy and precision, superinduced by them, the nobler faculties of the soul are left in a great measure to mould themselves according to the bent of circumstances. Let those who deem our position too ultra, witness with what superhuman efforts the unfledged orator strives to clothe in the garb of beauty, some barren truism, or to affect a certain *intensity* of style, regardless of the fact that simplicity and perspicuity are the main requisites of a good composition.

It is not our desire, let it be distinctly understood, to cast the slightest reflections upon the course of study which our College authorities have chosen to prescribe. We are duly sensible of the vast importance there is in knowing the distinction between "ever so little" and "never so little" in enabling us to act our part in the drama of life, and in furnishing the necessary material with which to weave our individual thread in the great web of human society; and yet we are of the opinion that *never so little* of the *exact* sciences would be preferable, provided only that *ever so little* attention was given to "*the humanities*."

It gives us pleasure to notice a very important, and as we think highly desirable movement on the part of several members of our class, to adhere to the ancient custom of having their photographs taken. Would it not be a valuable suggestion to have the *editors* framed in gilt (their photographs, we mean of course,) and hung upon the walls of our new library? What say you to our proposition, fellow seniors? Be generous now, and act accordingly.

Our musical friends outside of College may be pleased to know that the efforts to re-organize the "College Band," have been crowned with success. Old Nassau is second to none in musical talent, and if her sons would only encourage and develop this home talent, we might hope to see our coming exercises on the Chapel stage enlivened by sweeter music than it has ever been *our* privilege to listen to.

For the benefit of such as may be interested in this praiseworthy movement, we take the liberty of inserting the names of those who compose the "Band," together with the instruments upon which they severally perform:

Leader of the Band—Mr. R. Wylie.

First Violin—Messrs. Bryan, D. M. Helm, Kollock, Lambdin, and Temple.

Second Violin—Messrs. Dawson, Hall, J. King, Nesbit, and John Wylie.

Flutes—Messrs. F. Butler, Emery, Griffith, and Thomas.

Violincello—Mr. James Wylie.

Contra-bass—Mr. H. D. Smith.

Guitar—Messrs. Burroughs and Perry.

Banjo—Mr. J. W. Alexander.

Organist—Mr. H. Fuller.

A large number of exchanges have been received, most of which have been read with pleasure. One, hailing from the region of the "Northern Lights," felicitates itself upon having attained its "seventh birthday," and in enumerating its older sisters, forgets to notice that the "Nassau Lit." had nearly reached its majority before the "Beloit Monthly" had seen the light. Please make the *amende honorable*, brother editor.

We would desire to call the attention of our students to the "Opal" Magazine, published by the inmates of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum. The September number contains a variety of fugitive poetry, and short prose pieces, one of which, "The Heavens in August," we had designed to notice, but want of space forbids.

In conclusion, we have a word to our contributors—accept our hearty thanks for your generous co-operation.

We would advise "Oran" never to write for the "Nassau Lit." under an assumed name. The style of "Ambition" is chaste, and we should have been happy to publish it, but did not feel at liberty to do so, without the author's name.

And now, dear reader, we have completed our task. It only remains for us to bid farewell, "a long farewell, to all our greatness."

THE EDITOR.

The Nassau Literary Magazine.

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Exchanges.

Printer's News Letter; The Opal; Our News Paper; Harvard Magazine; The Western Churchman; Centre College Magazine; The Printer; Virginia University Magazine; Beloit College Monthly; Hampden Sidney Magazine; Kenyon Collegian; Yale Literary Magazine; Rutgers College Quarterly, for July and October; Kentucky Military Magazine.

Editors for the Present Session.

SEPTEMBER,	- -	WILLIAM G. UPSON, N. Y.
OCTOBER,	- -	WALTER S. BROWN, N. Y.
NOVEMBER,	- -	HARRISON T. JOHNSON, Md.
DECEMBER,	- -	EDMUND D. HALSEY, N. J.

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